

they had what they needed.

I stood with cigar and drink and watched them file out the door and into the night.

then they were gone with their asses that needed saving even worse than mine.

EACH MAN'S HELL IS DIFFERENT

I get reports about a dear friend in Europe, this man is not the complaining type

so what I've learned doesn't come from him

but he can't hide everything and some of it filters through from sources:

he must go to a hospital every other day, he is dying by the god damned inch.

his home life has long been unhappy and now

his wife has become suicidal.

most of my letters to him go unanswered and when he does

reply the responses are clipped and stark.

I've learned he can't drink, smoke, even consume coffee and

there are occupational problems.

he's not old.

my friend always wanted to be a writer

he became a translator working the language of the successful practitioners into his own.

the long hard hours with the dream getting further and further out of reach, his wife going mad:

"you're always typing!"

a killing unhappiness: never knowing what you might have been.